

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training Foreign Affairs Oral History Program  
Foreign Service Spouse Series

MARGUERITE ANDERSON

Interviewed by: Patricia Norland

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Q: This is Patricia Norland and I'm interviewing Marguerite Anderson in Chevy Chase, Maryland on March 23, 1994 for the Foreign Service Spouse Oral History; Inc. Marguerite, I wonder if you could tell us if there is anything in your early childhood and youthful age that prepared you for the Foreign Service?

ANDERSON: Well I definitely felt that I was fortunate in my early years because my parents were American but lived in France. I went to kindergarten in Brittany. Every child there has to have documents. If it isn't a passport, it's at least a birth certificate, so the teacher knew that I had been born in Canada. She told the class that I was born in Canada and since Canada had belonged to France, well, that really made me French.

I was only five years old, so I went home and told my mother, "I don't understand. You tell me I'm an American and the teacher tells everybody that I'm French because I was born in Canada. My mother was definitely an English type of Canadian before she married my father and became an American, and she was absolutely indignant. She told me when the subject came up again, and if it didn't come up automatically, then to bring up the subject, to say that if a cat has kittens in an oven, it doesn't make them biscuits. And she had me rehearse it in French: "Si une chatte a des petits chats dans un four, ça ne fait pas des biscuits." So I learned what it was to be a minority from the point of view of being the only American in the school.

Later on we moved to Paris and there I went to a French lycee which also had very few girls because, as in some schools here, they would only allow girls up through the first four years or so. Eventually I went to a proper girl's French school. One of the girls told her father that there was an American girl in the school. He said, "Well, she's probably Protestant, too." She happened to be the only Huguenot, which is a French Protestant, in the school, and she felt very much a minority there. She then latched on to me and the two of us were the only Protestants. This was another experience of being definitely a minority.



Later on my best friend was French and as I grew older, we went to summer camp, an American camp on Lake Annecy where we wore middy blouses and bloomers and went skinny-dipping in the lake in the morning. We had to do exercises and it was very American. The colors of the teams were the colors of Tufts, brown and dark blue, because the owner of it was from Tufts. So this was the way summer went. We went with big groups up to Mont Blanc to see the sunrise.

But the minute camp was over, I would turn back into a proper young lady and then would be dropped at my best friend's chateau in the Champagne area. There, of course, we dressed in a silk dress in the afternoon and everything we did was just the way it should be for young ladies of that period. It was also the time of year of the hunt season, and at the opening luncheons there would be twenty-four at the table. My friend and I would help her father choose the wines and he would have the servants bring up bottles of aperitif for before and then maybe sherry with the soup and white wine with the fish dish or the soufflé. And then the red wine later on. It was interesting to see that my friend's father, having selected his best for the first round, would say to his servant "By now they will have had an awful lot to drink, so continue with this wine" - a lesser vintage. And, of course, we'd have champagne for desert.

With all this wine, the big subject of interest at that time was still World War I and they were still fighting the War at the dinner table in France. It had been such a traumatic experience for them. Eventually the conversation always returned to that "terrible" General Pershing. He had lead all these young men over the hill and so many of them had died and how terrible it was and so on. The French had lost so many of their young men and they were very protective of young men in general. So I would be shrinking there because this was all about how terrible the American leadership had been. My hostess would then say, "Now, now gentlemen, remember that Mademoiselle is an American."

So I would go home to Paris to my parents and I would say, "I don't understand." You tell me it's good to be an American, but they say how stupid and how wicked General Pershing was." My mother would say, "Pay them no attention. They're just jealous. If it hadn't been for these young men, the war would have turned out differently." By then the French were completely demoralized and fortunately they had these wonderful young Americans. The Germans were also demoralized and that lad to peace for everybody. So, that was another example of somehow being in school and in French homes I learned to be very tolerant of all the different types of people.

I had been going to this French school and my parents had always intended that I go to Wellesley. When September came my brother was in France in a British-style boarding school. It would have been called a public school in England, and was completely British. On Sundays they would have tea dances and so we would go there after playing golf on Sunday. One day my mother said, "I really wish that we could have planned it enough in advance to send Marguerite to the States to school. But now it's too late for this year, so it will have to be next year."



The headmaster, who could really have used a lot more students and therefore more money said, "Well why don't you have her come here?" My family was surprised including me. My mother said, "You wouldn't take her, would you?" Well I said the right thing if what I wanted was to go to that school. I said, "No, no, a thousand times no." And so of course I was there the following week.

I had my room within the Chateau itself. I was properly chaperoned with the headmaster and his wife on one side and the nurse on the other and the only woman teacher there on the other side of the hall. Of course there was a separate building for all of the boys - my brother, for instance. So I spent a year there and that was a wonderful experience. The school doesn't exist anymore. It was such a small school, but there is one retired ambassador who actually did go there before my time.

Q: What was his name?

ANDERSON: It was Bill Crawford, Ambassador William Avery Crawford. Well, anyway, it was really an amazing experience to be the only girl in a boys' school.

Eventually I did go to the States and I went through all of the new experiences that Foreign Service children suffer through today on "re-entry". I had never been to a football game. I never had the right clothes. When all of the girls had little black evening coats with the little bunny collar lined in white satin, no, I had a midnight blue one with huge sleeves and a big blue fox collar and I was a real misfit because of this sort of thing. It was all in my mind because actually my clothes from Paris went to more college balls and hops at Annapolis and West Point than I ever got to go to because everybody else was borrowing them.

But even though it was very painful and of course with my parents in Europe, I had to spend vacations scrounging around for something that would take me away from the school. Otherwise I had to stay with the owner of the school, a woman who never had any children of her own. This was at Dana Hall where everybody idolized her. But that was because they never had to spend three weeks with her during Christmas vacation, when everybody else had left to go home. She just was very hard on me because I was the only one there and she really would have preferred not to have anybody in her house.

Later on, I went back to France for the summer and that was the summer of Munich and the time when war started in Europe. I stayed again in my friend's chateau in the Champagne area which is right on the way to Germany and the Maginot Line. My friend had two brothers and a fiance, and they were all going to be in the tanks, in the air force or in the army. It got closer to the time when things were looking very bad and war was actually starting in Europe. So I was very sensitive to their pain. Here I was an American surrounded with French people.



The chateau was beautiful, but it didn't have running water and there was no telephone. A little boy had to come on a bicycle from the little village. One day he came and before he told who the phone call was for, I said, "Oh, that must be my parents wanting me to come back to Paris." They didn't push me to stay so my instinct was correct. They took me to the train and everyone there was crying. The young men were going off to the Maginot Line and they were kissing their children goodbye. And I was going in the other direction.

Of course it was a very tense moment for everybody, but when I arrived in Paris I found that my parents were playing golf and so the tension went down about that time. The American Embassy told the American community that they, of course, could do what they liked, but that the Embassy families were going to go to Dinard in Brittany. The sensible Americans in the community followed that advice. My father was the head of the International Harvester Company in France and North Africa. We all got into our car, a Graham Paige. The French government had registered all Peugots, the Renaults and their Citroens in case they ever had to use them for the war effort. But it was not interested in old Graham Paiges. During World War I, during the battle of Verdun, it had been the taxi drivers of Paris who had taken the reinforcements back to the front and turned the tide of the war at that point. The French government was still planning on this. The trouble was that they were really planning for World War I and, of course, World War II was completely different.

We had been earlier that year up to Belgium and Holland. This big old American car, the first one with rounded corners, wouldn't go up and down hills which is why we chose Belgium and Holland.

Now, we all drove down to Brittany. It was a time of rumors. The word "Fifth Column" started then. Nobody knew how the rumors started, but we would be told, "Oh this hotel is going to turn into a military hospital." So everybody would pay their bill and go to the next hotel. "Oh no, no, you've misunderstood. The rumor was wrong. It was the other hotel. The one where you were. This one is going to turn into a hospital. The one where you were is all right." So then we would go back and try to get our rooms back. There were hundreds of Americans there and we were there for quite a while.

The SS Athenia had already been torpedoed going from England to Canada. My brother was going back to Brown for his senior year on the President Harding. My father came to Brittany one weekend and brought lots of passages that he paid for. You couldn't buy them except for cash or with the backing of a big organization like the International Harvester Company, or National City Bank or American Express. But you couldn't write checks for those tickets. There was a lack of trust, I assume.



My mother was supposed to come with me, but she very sensibly realized that when families are separated, it's really very hard afterwards - if you haven't been through the same experiences. So Mother walked out around by the beach with my father and it was determined when she came back that she was staying.

We went to Le Havre and stayed the night at a charming inn nearby. We had a lovely dinner and a nice breakfast the next morning and then my family left me at the pier. Mother took a taxi back to Dinard, which was a pretty long trip, my brother went onto his ship, and I stayed there on the docks. My father gave me three one hundred dollar bills which I safety-pinned into the pocket of my blouse. \$300 in World War II was more like \$3,000 today. In those days women did not even have bank accounts, not in France anyway. They did in the States, I'm sure.

Well, all day long, we waited for the SS Washington to come in and it didn't show up. I made friends with people and I did know some. I knew Senator and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge and their two sons. I knew some other people who had been in Dinard. I met a woman and her daughter and I just took her over as a surrogate mother.

They didn't have any tickets for the Washington. I didn't know them, I had met them that day. I lent them my three one hundred dollar bills which was enough for the two passages. We had gone to a bakery and had bought cheese and bread for our lunch. It got to be evening and I started thinking about what everybody was telling us. There was a problem with facilities, of course, with that many thousands of people there sleeping on the ground. So I gathered up a little coterie of people and I told them about this little inn and I said, "We can't tell everybody because they'll get there faster than we do and we will again be sleeping on the floor."

About eight of us took two taxis and went to this inn. Every morning we paid our bill, went back and waited for our ship to come in. I could wave to my brother, and every morning about ten o'clock, he would be out there on deck waving to me. But I couldn't go onto his ship and he couldn't go ashore.

About the fourth day, the Washington came in. It had rescued the crew of a torpedoed cargo ship. The German U-boat had towed the life boats towards the Sea lanes. Another day was spent unloading their cargo. So that made it into about the fifth day that we went back to our little inn. The thousands and thousands of cases that they took ashore were all marked "Remington." We joked about them being typewriters, but of course we knew they were Remington arms instead.

Eventually we did get aboard. My new friends went to the purser and were able to write a check and gave me back my three one hundred dollar bills which I then pinned back into my little blouse. All I had was one small suitcase. The trunk my father had sent up ahead of time. But unfortunately when the cook had packed it, she did not include the keys. When I got to New York, it had to be broken into at Customs.



Our ship first went to Southampton in a convoy. During that time they painted the ship's name on the sides in large letters. The "o" of Washington was around my porthole so, despite the fact that this was a tense moment and it was possibly even dangerous, although none of us young people thought so, still there was a lot of joking and hilarity about it. You just can't have hundreds of young people of eighteen and twenty years old together - a lot of irresponsibility. Our ships all sailed together, including my brother's ship.

When I went into my stateroom, I, being the youngest one, was given a little folding army cot and there were some men's feet - I thought they were men's feet - sticking out of the bed that were in the first bed I saw. There were four people already in the room and I. My little cot was put under the window. So I thought I was in the wrong room since there were so many names that can be men or women like Leslie or Meredith. I thought maybe they had made a mistake.

It turned out that the feet belonged to a woman who was dressed in black and wore her clothes all the way to the ground. She had a low voice and I was absolutely convinced it was Gertrude Stein, because this was her twin if it was not she herself under another name. The other people were so average that I don't even remember anything about them. But she stuck in my mind. One day she said, "I rescued your pretty little blouse. It was going out the porthole." I didn't tell her that it wasn't the blouse, the pretty little blouse I was worried about. It was about my \$300 pinned to the pocket.

Some of the girls and I talked a steward into letting us go to see the swimming pool. Of course there was no water in it and it had forty little cots just like mine. At that time of day there was just one young man sleeping in it. They each had the amount of space over their cot which was for their toothbrush and toothpaste, the little scupper for the overflow of the water. The young man who was there we got to know quite well. He was the son of the Chinese Ambassador, Wellington Wu, Jr.

I finally arrived in New York. Of course the war in Europe was already on and I went out to Chicago to the headquarters of the International Harvester Company. It turned out later that my husband was then taking the Foreign Service exams.

In those days, you took the writtens in late September or early October, waited to find out if you passed the writtens. Then you had to wait several months until December to take the orals. You again waited until January to take the physical. And finally, you waited some more until Congress appropriated the money that would take care of the salaries. Later, you would find out where your new post would be, which turned out to be Toronto.



In the meanwhile, I was with my aunts in California, so he, having passed all the hurdles, arrived in California and proposed to me the second day. The wedding was planned for the following week. I had a new job that I started on Monday morning. He arrived on Tuesday. We became engaged on Wednesday and we were married the following Friday. We went around looking for a church and since I really didn't know anybody there, we wanted it small. California has some very interesting churches. One had "God Is Love" in neon signs up on the altar, so some of those we turned down. But finally we found a very nice one called St. Peter by the Golden Gate. Our minister was the Reverend Tom Collins.

The day before the wedding, my husband had his mind very much relieved because he had been almost sure that I was an American citizen and he had asked me what was the number of my passport. I told him it was "92" but it didn't seem logical that only 91 people before me had ever received a passport. So he had sent a telegram to the State Department and lo and behold, the day before our wedding, the answer comes back and says, "Fiancee's American citizenship confirmed. Go ahead." Because in those days, he would have had to make a choice and I'm glad he never had to do so. But two others in the class did have that problem and had to resign.

We then went to Canada on our honeymoon, to Victoria and Lake Louise. That happened to be the first weekend that the American government required documents for Canadians to cross the border. The same thing also applied - it was a war measure - on the Mexican border. Well, there was no problem my getting into Canada because we'd been married on the 21st of June. But by July 1st after that we would have needed papers and of course I didn't have any. The passports were all picked up as Americans came in from Europe so that they wouldn't fall into the hands of spies.

We then went to Chicago to await word from Washington. A telegram came asking my husband if he would like to work temporarily until Congress appropriated his salary. It would be to help since Paris had fallen on June 14th. We were married on the 21st and sent a cable to my parents. But we did not know whether they would receive it. By that time they had left Paris with the cook and other valuables in this old Graham Paige.

A lot of their friends went through terrible times. My parents offered to take some friends who had small daughters with them to the South. But they had thought it would be safe to stay in Paris. Then they saw nearby black smoke, and the rumor mongers were spreading the word that the Germans were burning houses up north, which turned out not to be true. Actually it was the French government that was burning gasoline storage tanks and the wind was taking the smoke down toward Paris.

My parents spent six weeks in the southern part of France in Bordeaux and they had not been able to find any rooms. There are normally about 400,000 people there and now there were about 450,000 extra people all the way from Belgium down. So they stayed for several weeks in a place called Cadillac from where the nobleman Cadillac went to Canada.



My husband decided that we would go to Washington and we'd have the wonderful experience of getting our feet wet and learn something about Washington even before we had the post. The salary was that of a private third-class or second-class or maybe first-class, but anyway it was \$115 a month. And rent for a furnished place, a one-room studio, was \$90.00. And so that left about \$25.00 to feed him at noontime at the State Department and for us to have dinner and to feed our car gasoline and oil. Fortunately we had some wedding present money. Otherwise, I don't know what we would have done.

We next went to Toronto and that was a very good experience because there is so much to learn when you are a new vice consul. You're not a third secretary, of course, until you go to an embassy. Toronto is a consulate general. What he was learning at least was in English. We could have just as easily gone to Havana which was another one, but all the first year posts were nearby. Mexican border, Canadian border, and Havana.

There were all sorts of things we had to do. One, for instance, was that seven hundred Norwegian young men were processed through the Toronto Consulate General en route to Florida to learn how to fly to be in the free Norway forces. Other things that we did learn - some of it because our friends made mistakes - and even one of them because I made the mistake - was the protocol part.

For instance the Consul General, when a young Vice Consul had left for Washington, kept saying, "Did you hear from them? Did you hear from them?" And each time I'd say either, "No, I did not," or yes, I had. And finally he told us what was on his mind, which was that he had not received a thank-you letter for the dinner he had given for this young vice consul and his wife when they left.

Then we left and saw these same colleagues in Washington, I tried tactfully to say, "You know your thank-you letter to the Consul General has been mislaid, so I wonder what address you used." And they drew themselves up and said, "Well, we didn't send him a thank-you note because after all, did you notice that the two consuls wives were on his right and on his left and I was not? So then I had to explain to her that rank is what counts and even if the dinner was being given for a vice consul. Even that didn't put her at the right of the consul general.

The other time when I learned to my sorrow something about protocol was when we had a round dining room table that held eight people. By then my mother was there and we had invited the Consul General. He always wanted to go once to each home to see how we lived. He always took a taxi and had the taxi come back for him at 10 o'clock.



I had invited the parents of a young woman friend who had become my friend. They were Canadians and had a beautiful home, entertained beautifully and we thought that the Consul General would enjoy knowing this family. But somehow the best laid plans went awry and this Canadian man sat on my right and so the Consul General had to be on my left. And in a round table it still bothered him so much that the next morning, he spent his time pacing in front of my husband who was processing some more Norwegians. And finally he said to my husband, "Who was that man who outranked me?" My husband realized then that the Consul General had not seen the situation develop where this Canadian had sat where I had planned to have the Consul General. Actually this Consul General could have been a little bit more tolerant of a twenty-one year old who was brand-new in the Service. I had not known the correct answer to what to do about it. I should have moved over one and had the two men side by side and still had the Consul General on my right.

My husband called me and said, "This is what happened and now I want you to call him up right this minute and I want you to grovel." So naturally I picked up the phone and I groveled. (laughs) There were certain things these young officers had to learn.

At the end of our time in Toronto, we were assigned to Washington. In those days the telegrams having you transferred were much more florid and wordy than they are today. And of course always signed by the Secretary of State. You also had to be at your post on the first of the month to sign your rent voucher and your salary and it just was bad luck that the telegram said to arrive on Tuesday and Labor Day was a Monday and we couldn't leave Saturday or Sunday. The telegram always said that you were transferred at your own request, "not for your own convenience". That wordy sentence meant your way is being paid. And all of them came like that.

Anyway, we had to drive 700 miles and in those days all the good roads went east and west and none of them went north and south. There were no interstates. So from Toronto down to Washington we had a very long way to go to be at work the next morning at nine. And then, of course, there was no desk for him at nine.

It was a time when housing was very hard to get, so we took an unfurnished apartment. We had a card table and four folding chairs. We rented a bed and bought a beautiful rug at W & J Sloan's. Our sterling silver had been in the car with us, and I had a small Featherweight sewing machine and he had a typewriter. And that was what we lived with.

At the memorial service for my husband, two of the officers of that time reminded me that they had been there for Thanksgiving dinner on our card table with our sterling silver and the four chairs, and that I had made "canard l'orange" with two ducks for the four of us - something I had learned from our cook in France. They still remembered it after all these years.



The Friday before Pearl Harbor came and was the last day of the class. Secretary of State Cordell Hull shook the hands of each one of the twenty-two new officers. He asked them where they were going. One of them said "Tokyo". And this is absolutely, historically correct, the Secretary said: "If you get there." He knew already, because these Japanese Ambassadors had been with him during the day. We were going to South America.

After the school, we expected to have some time off. I had not seen my parents, my brother in the Navy in training in Chicago, my brother-in-law was going to England in the 8th Air Force and my father-in-law was dying of cancer, so it was a very important time to be there for Christmas.

But they said, "Oh no, you're going to do code work." Well in those days, of course, all the officers had to learn how to use the secret ones, the Blue Code and so on, the Brown Code was the unclassified one and easy to do.

We stayed there another two weeks which brought us up to the twenty-third of December. Again the boss did not release them. I took the train, I was five months pregnant and I spent the night on the train sleeping on the shoulder of an eighteen-year old sailor. Shortly after I left on the train, the twenty-two young officers by agreement decided to just say good-bye to each other and they went. And so my husband drove all night long and arrived Christmas morning to sleep the twenty-fifth away.

We had a few weeks of vacation and then we went to South America. When we arrived in Panama, they had us put down our curtains; we couldn't look out at all, and we didn't know why not at the time, but you can guess. We were expecting to fly right out again. We thought there might be a time difference of an hour or so, but no. We had to go to a hotel. And all the Americans had been coming in, but none of them were allowed to leave, and no foreigners were allowed in. An attack on the Canal was expected.

So we had to spend the weekend there and eventually there was a plane for diplomats that we qualified for. Those planes held twenty passengers. They had a male steward, no stewardesses, and they stopped just about every couple of hours. We took off every morning around 4:30, and our breakfast at the airport would be coffee from a thermos, condensed milk and a piece of last night's bread. We would fly all day, stopping at many different places along the way.



While we'd been in Washington, one of our amusements had been for our husbands to take out post reports that they thought might be interesting and one that I particularly remember was about Antofagasta, Chile. There is a formula for writing these things and one of them is how about the fauna? Well, somebody had written that they didn't have much fauna, but they did have some sheep and cockroaches. Then what about the flora? They said there wasn't any. Do you need a car at the post? The writer said, indeed yes, if only to go 150 kilometers to the nearest hospital up in the Andes at the copper mine. Then it went on saying, how about the sports facilities? It said, it had a sandy golf course, but the 19th hole was excellent. (laughter). So we used to sit around having beer, most of the twenty-two of us were sitting there and reading these things out loud and checking them out. We at least weren't surprised when we were at some of these posts later.

We stopped every day. One night we stopped in Cali one night and then in Lima and in Valparaiso. Later we took another twenty-passenger plane over the Andes to Buenos Aires. We had diplomatic passports and had been told that we were not to let them curtail our privileges because if we do so, the next time it could be serious and was the wrong thing to do.

Yet, there I had all these baby clothes in my suitcase and the Argentine customs man was pawing through taking the tissue paper off, and opening up all the diapers and clothes and me not speaking any Spanish. I was absolutely furious and waving my diplomatic passport at him while my husband was working on being met.

We then had to take the night boat over to Montevideo. We stayed in a hotel looking for a house for about six weeks or so which brought me up to about eight and a half months when, just about ten days before the baby's due date, my husband called up and said, "I have some news." And I, just out of my head said, "Our ship was sunk." And he said, "Yes." And there was nothing else to say. He talked to some of the other officers who called their wives and they took me out for a cup of coffee.

We started seriously looking for an apartment. We rented a bed. We had no furniture. We moved into an apartment that turned out to be a wonderful one later on, but it was still sort of unfinished. We moved in with one hundred rolls of Waldorf toilet paper in a big cubic yard box which had been ordered by the Embassy, so we all had our American toilet paper, and three cases of gin which had also been an Embassy order. When we, eventually, after a few months, started down on the second layer of gin, we found that six of the bottles were missing and the toilet paper rolls had been inserted. Obviously, the movers had done this.



Uruguay was a very wonderful little country. It was particularly nice at that time. Now when I visited there again, they always said, "How do you happen to speak Spanish?" So I would say, "I lived here during the War", and "Oh that was the golden era." That was [what] they would answer, because they had a competing economy with us and they had leather, we had leather. They had meat, we had meat. Normally we don't buy from them whereas during wartime we needed their leather and meat. So it was a very prosperous time for them.

We were there longer than a normal post because people were not being moved very much during the war and we were actually there five years. My husband put himself down for the trip home on one of the new ships. Ours had been torpedoed and sunk off of Cuba. About three hundred ships were torpedoed because they were silhouetted against the lights of Florida. Even though they were under blackout, but still there was that western sun, which, as it went down, silhouetted the buildings and the ships. The submarines were off of the Bahamas in quantity.

This particular ship was one that was memorable because it carried all the new money for Brazil. They had said, "You have to exchange your money for the new. If you don't do it in June, you will lose ten percent, in July, ten percent more." They had to rescind that because they didn't receive this money from the American mint. It also contained the last shipment of Scotch that had gone safely from Scotland to the United States, been transferred, and then got torpedoed on the way to South America.

When we needed to have a mattress and box spring, my husband went over to Buenos Aires and tried to buy them. He was able to get a mattress and we put wooden slats to hold it up instead of the box spring because, as they explained to him, they had lost all the materials and all the box springs on the "Texan", the same ship as ours. Every time we turned around people would say, "Sorry, this was lost on the 'Texan. '"

We started a USO down there. Our apartment was very empty as you can imagine. It was an ideal place. The ships that did make it through had gun crews of seven men. The first ones would just have one gun crew on the back and later on they'd have one on the front and the back. Sometimes the big cargo ships later on had four and five.

Each of them had seven young American Navy sailors who were not getting paid the same as the cargo sailors because they had unions. They were only getting Navy pay, something like \$39.00 a month. We would rustle up some English-speaking girls, whether they were Uruguayan or English or American and we would have a dance at our apartment.



After our home leave we were transferred to Rio and we found a house which in those days was very difficult and it probably still is. You have to sometimes buy furniture even if you don't want it. The owner of the house that we finally chose would not give us a diplomatic clause and was adamant about it. We had to be just as adamant. We told her that the fact is you either are a diplomat or not a diplomat and the clause only recognizes a fact. So if she didn't want to have us in the house, well we'd just look for another one. She had to capitulate.

She showed us the water tank on the roof which she said was twice as large as others. Mostly they're a cubic meter and in this case she had one that was one by two so it was twice as large. And sure enough when we took the house, it had water in it. All week it just disappeared until there was no water left. Well we found out that because we were on a hill on Mondays and Thursdays the water came up part-way and then they turned that part off and on Tuesdays and Fridays the next level got water and then on Wednesdays and Saturdays the third level got it. We never had enough because we had three children, three maids and ourselves. So we learned how to do a lot of things like how to wash a white dress in almost no water. The way you do it is you hang the dress up over the soapy water so that any water that is clinging drips back in so that you don't lose any water. Anyway, we managed. Rio has quite a few problems and one of them is definitely water. We used to go to a convent nearby, put some money in the little till there and then we all, everyone from my little five year old and the gardener and everybody would carry an appropriate sized pail or electric roaster pan and take water from there. There was plenty of water, but it wasn't in the pipes.

We also had all kinds of interesting animals, some of them wonderful like the blue butterflies that would be on my terrace and lizards that would move when we walked around, and there were snakes. But we enjoyed it very much. Because of this water situation, we bought 350 feet of hose, all in one piece because otherwise if we'd had it in smaller sections, it would all have been slowly stolen. But it was heavy and we carried that hose up into the hills where the owner had a tap. But if somebody disconnected it, and since it was just gravity feed, we never got too much water that way. We eventually bought an apartment sized pump. We had a beautiful house, with a beautiful view. We had to balance things out and remind ourselves constantly. One American said, "Rio is wonderful, if you look up."



Closets did not actually have bars. We had some made for the closets. Most people don't have closets at all. Our house did, but there was no bar, so we had the bars made supported from below, with wheels on them so that we could roll the whole thing out to the sun because of the mildew situation. Well, Mrs. Haselton, a colleague, and her maid used to alternate taking clothes out to the terrace to sun them and dry them out a bit and they had been watching with great patience this tremendous high apartment building that was being built across from them. So when Betty was inside the house bringing out another armful of clothing, she found that the maid was absolutely so stunned that she was not making any sense at all. She kept saying, "Look, look, look." And Betty looked over and that building that they had been watching go up for several months was no longer there. It had absolutely collapsed right into the soil. It was very fortunate that it had happened before anybody had moved in. The only casualty was the night watchman and I'm sure they never found him at all.

Q: What was the reason that this building collapsed?

ANDERSON: Well actually during that time there were fourteen of these buildings that had gone down and one reason was that the cement was being stolen a little at a time. In this case there's a possibility that the soil was moist and was not solid enough. But some of the other buildings another problem in this case too was that people steal. The engineer who plans it, or the architect, he knows what proportion of sand, water and cement will make a strong building, but if everybody takes just two cups of cement, that's all. "I only need two cups for my project" And if everybody takes two cups of cement and replaces them with two cups of water, well then they would just make it more and more liquid, then that's what happens.

But fourteen buildings coming down like that was a terrible, terrible thing. I'm not trying to make it sound worse than it is, but it does have terrible problems. Our laundry, for instance. We used to have to watch our laundry, our sheets on the line, because they would disappear. We had shades somewhat like Venetian blinds, but they're a little different. My son who was then about eight called to me and said, "Look, look at the lines on my ceiling!" So we realized that someone outside had a flashlight that was shining in through the blinds in stripes. My husband and I talked it over. We never would have had any guns in the house with three children, but that didn't mean that we weren't going to use the effect of having the gun.

So I got all dressed up and went down to the vegetable store nearby and in just a casual voice I talked to the owner whom I knew because I had bought fruit and vegetables there at other times. I told him what had happened and I said, "So my husband has gotten permission to get a gun and he's bringing one home today, because it's very uncomfortable to know that the house is being cased." I said it in a normal tone of voice so that he could pass it on and anybody who heard me knew that from now on that house had a gun in it, even though it never did. (laughs)



And the water situation. It used to be rather funny. It was not unusual to go to somebody's party and find that you were drinking wine that tasted of a tiny bit of scotch. Because, really, between people, it [the glass] had not been washed very well. If we had friends who had more water than we did, who lived on the flat part of Rio, before a party we would take our clothes and have a shower.

Q: Was there any political situation there? Was that when Magda Lupescu was there too?

ANDERSON: Actually it wasn't when we were there, it was when Betty Haselton was there. She remembered the Copacabana Palace Hotel where the deposed King of Romania stayed with his long-time girl-friend, Magda Lupescu, who wanted very much to get married to him. At one time, she became really "ill" there in quotes so he married her thinking that he was doing it on her deathbed and she rapidly recuperated.

One of the wonderful things about the residents of Rio is their sense of humor. Everything turns into a Carnival song or into a joke. It's really fascinating and that's why this little song became the ditty of Carnival. Something like, "Here's to Marie Lupescu who Came to Romania's rescue. It's a wonderful thing to live under a King" she said. Now, I ask you!

While we were there, there was some rioting and it was anti-American at one point. The tear gas got into the American Embassy air conditioning system and so everybody had to leave with tears and coughing. But otherwise it's always been quite calm and it would really be a very fine post. We were actually there twice.

Q: Oh? And where from there?

ANDERSON: Then when we left there, we went to Colombia. We had to be very careful because they had had a big conference of foreign ministers. This was in 1950. And there was a little Revolution. It was planned and there was a lot of looting.

A young woman in the Embassy had a camera and took a picture of a society woman breaking into the best jeweler's window and reaching in with a greedy look on her face. Naturally, the government made her cough up what she had been stealing because there was the picture that had been taken by the Embassy girl.

Their history has had so much violence. Every emerald that ever came from Colombia, and that is the place for the best, would be the cause of one death from fighting. They would do small blasting on a mountain so that they could then look for more and the government would strip everyone and look them over for emeralds. They had two kinds of emeralds. Muzo is the really kelly green ones.



That is a very high altitude post. It's over 8,000 feet and the American Navy and military people would joke when they would see each other on the street and the Air Force ones would say, "Where is your mask?" The oxygen mask. In flight, over 7,500, the Air Force had to wear oxygen masks in unpressurized planes. And here they were walking on the street and everyone else was, too.

One of the things that was interesting when we were there was the two children that we adopted by proxy for American officers from Panama. The daughter and wife, widow of a recent president, had turned over her beautiful mansion as an orphanage. It was not a government one. This very wealthy family supported this orphanage entirely themselves.

At the San Francisco conference which had been in '46, there was a plan to have many countries take over some of the German orphans whose fathers were generals and colonels, a part of Hitler's intention to make a "super race." The mothers were prisoners from Poland and different places and they were sure to be very blonde and blue-eyed which of course Hitler wasn't himself, but anyway that's what he admired.

Many of these countries that were part of the San Francisco conference had agreed to take a certain number of these orphans and Panama was expecting to take some. The Colombian government had plenty of orphans of their own and they really and truly didn't want these blonde, blue-eyed little Germanic babies. They were perfectly willing to have them adopted out the minute they arrived at this orphanage. Actually Germany kept them.

The first officer from Panama came up. He and I went to the orphanage and we found him a perfect match. This little boy was just a few months old. He was so smart that he howled and cried every time his prospective father or one of the doctors came near and he stopped crying the minute a nurse or I came there. We couldn't understand how this baby could be so friendly towards women and so completely anti-doctor and anti-men. We figured that this was a sign of intelligence. So we adopted him and took him to our house and my children were delighted. We were all very pleased with him. The adoptive father took him back down to Panama.

My fame spread in Panama among the military and I had another request. This time a man came up. His wife was Irish and he was Sicilian. He asked me if there was anything he could do for me because he would be staying with me and he knew I had helped with the other orphan. I took my courage in my hand and said, "You know, we have one of the few freezers here and it's very small. I would really appreciate it if you brought me up a duffle bag of fruit from the Commissary down there."



"We would want vegetables, fruit, raspberries in particular. Peaches. They don't have any peaches there. And strawberries. No strawberries." At high altitudes, things do not ripen. It isn't warm enough. It's cool the whole time. There are only two seasons in Bogota, summer and winter. You'd listen to two maids talking and they'd say, "Wasn't that a terrible winter yesterday? But today is lovely summer." And that's the way they'd feel. There's no such thing as spring and fall.

So he did bring me up some raspberries and we were delighted. I made them last for many parties for a long time. Another thing that was interesting in Colombia in Bogota was that in 1924 the Minister of Fisheries had put Canadian speckled trout in a land-locked lake up in the Andes. And now it was already the early '50's they'd been there a long time and these speckled trout just went on growing and they were over two feet long. They had pink flesh and they were like a salmon-trout.

They were wonderful but the restaurants could not use them. The government had said that the Indians who lived around this lake have the entire right to these fish. If they fished them and they want to eat them, give them away or sell them individually to a person, that's all right. But they cannot be sold commercially. We went up there with a very good fishermen in the Embassy. We caught about 30 of them. It's so cold and dry up there that they clean them and reel them up on a flag pole and they just go around floating in the air and they keep for days.

We took ours back to town and to our cook's horror, these two men, my husband and his friend, put them all over the kitchen floor according to size. The biggest one they sent to the Minister of Fisheries as an example of what is up there and then halfway down, a quite wide and wonderful looking one, about two feet long, we gave to the American Ambassador. And for the others they just drew straws, mine, yours, mine, yours. So we then were able to put ours that were left in the freezer.

The biggest one I really hated to cut up because the other had been suitable for a dinner party or so, but this monster I thought should grace a big cocktail party. But our oven did not cooperate so what I had to do was to wrap the fish in aluminum foil and stick it head-first kitty-corner in the oven. The oven door wouldn't close, so after I thought that half of it was cooked, I turned it around and put the other half in. It worked out all right, but it did take us about an hour and a half to cook it. But it was magnificent.

In every place that you go, there are always things that you remember because they're so unusual. We were just very fortunate. The Ambassador was invited to go down to the hot country to someone's estate there with his wife, and we were invited to go along. There's nothing that I would have liked better. But the Embassy heard of this invitation and was told there was no way he could go there because of the danger.



The owner of our house had a beautiful estate to which we also were invited, but he had to take a plane up to Texas and Florida to buy bulls and cows to take back to Colombia to re-stock his big estancia. The terrorists had come and had killed all the people, men, women and children, and all of the cows. Bogota, fortunately, was not like that, but Colombia was bad. Their estancia was some distance away. Most of them [estancias] were down in the lower levels like 5,000 or 6,000 feet. But once it gets to 8,000 something, it's pretty cold. So there was plenty of unrest and undoubtedly there still is because now it's a different situation with the drugs.

The Colombians still resent, after all these years, the fact that we helped the people in Panama to form a country there. In their escutcheon there's something in one of the four sections that looks like a little worm, and that is the Panama Canal because the area that turned into Panama was actually a part of Colombia.

The Ambassador was a political appointee and he was constantly learning things and he found out somehow that before you're in the Foreign Service fifteen years, you're supposed to have a post in the States. Well most of the time it is ignored. But when he found out that, he said, "Well you've been out fifteen years. It's time for you to go to the States." So they looked around for something for us and found something really right down our alley which was to be assigned to Denver for a year before going to Washington.

It was at a time when the State Department was selecting nine people from each of eighteen cities in Germany and Italy and sending them all around the United States as guests of the United States to sort of show them what democracy was like, since they had had a dictatorship for many years. Somebody was needed in New York and then Chicago and San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Denver, and Washington.

We received every week there a group of nine people and they were an interesting group - an indigestible group. There was always a teacher, a student, an artist, a union man, a factory owner, a professional man of some kind, a medical student or a doctor or somebody in the health field, a jurist of some kind, and a housewife. There was always one housewife. By the time they had been all around the United States with them having nothing in common - they were practically at drawn swords.

And so our job was to ask them what they were interested in observing and seeing to it that we could arrange it. We had a stable of helpers. We had the University of Colorado, University of Denver, the School of Mines, the English-Speaking Union, and all kinds of clubs that would be willing to help us.



For instance, one time they wanted to see something in the countryside so for this particular group Stewart arranged for a man who had a big ranch to invite us down there for a barbecue. It was an experience for these Italians because the reason they ate so much veal is they didn't have the space to let them grow to be great big bulls. So one of them asked the owner, "Well how many animals did you kill for this group?" because he'd also taken the opportunity to invite other people. There must have been somewhere around 60 people there. "So how many heads did you have to kill?" He smiled and he said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it all came from Safeway." That was the sort of thing that you had to do.

For instance, the jurist of one group might want to see the penitentiary and the next one might want to see the Court in session. The teacher might want to see a kindergarten and another one might want to see the University and they were all interested in the School of Mines up at Golden. Of course we had to entertain them so we were very fortunate that we had brought up a Colombian maid with us because otherwise it would have been more than I could handle myself. A group of nine - plus all the others - came nearly every week.

Anyway, at this time my husband was on loan to the Institute of International Education - the IIE. Expecting to go to Washington, I had been very careful to buy a couple of really nice outfits instead of the usual clothes that you have in the Foreign Service in the tropics where your clothes have to be washed every day. We were next assigned to Tokyo, and we stopped off in California to visit my parents. It was the only time I ever read six books on our next post - and also the only time when we didn't go to that post. My husband had already taken our car down to Long Beach to be put on the ship. He had said it was as if he could look into the future - "Don't disconnect the battery, don't drain the oil and the gas because who knows? I could always have my orders changed." So they held off putting the car aboard. He had orders for Tokyo and the ship was going in that direction. But they held off putting it aboard.

Well at 6:20 the phone rang (it was never for my husband because we were in my parents' house), but he answered and it turned out that it was Western Union telling us that we were going to Manila and that the orders for Tokyo were canceled. I heard him say "I'd like you to write it up in duplicate because I can't go anywhere on an oral telephone call."

When we took the ship after we had been transferred, having expected to go to Tokyo and looking forward to going to Tokyo, and at the last minute when it was changed, well then we had to re-direct all our thinking toward Manila. We knew very little about it. We stopped in Hawaii and went on to Hong Kong and finally to Manila.

Housing there was also very difficult. It was not air-conditioned and so everybody had all their doors open, and we, being on the fourth floor, and everybody having their door open, would hear steps coming up



One of the interesting things for me, because by then of course I spoke Spanish, was to see that people had Spanish names and yet they didn't know a word of Spanish. It was a little bit strange at first, but you learned that they were embarrassed because their parents had known Spanish, but they didn't and the upper classes had been Spanish-speaking, and so when they told you that they didn't know any Spanish, why then it was like saying, "Well I'm a peasant and if I were upper-class I would know Spanish." We were very careful never to admit to knowing any Spanish until we were really sure that these were Spanish-speaking people and that they wanted to speak Spanish, because of course some of them did.

Q: What was the political scene?

ANDERSON: We happened to arrive just about two weeks before President Magsaysay was inaugurated. That was a wonderful time to come because Magsaysay himself was a wonderful man. He died in an airplane accident. Who knows whether it was sabotage or not. Nobody has ever been sure about it. He had an American pilot. I think his name was Pappy ... But nobody knows. There's such a casualness about things. I was invited to go into the interior on a plane one time by the President's sister and in the end, I couldn't go for valid reasons. But the pilot was asked right in front of this woman. One person would say, "I have a sack of rice to take up to that stop that you're making up there." He'd say, "All right, put it on." And another person would say, "You remember my sister Amelia? Well I've got a sewing machine for her. Can I put it on?" "Oh yes, go ahead."

And so it was so casual that when they did have accidents, we never knew what caused them. Whether it was the weather or the gas or the engine or overloading or whatever it could be.

Q: Did you have a lot of entertaining to do there?

ANDERSON: Yes, we all did. It's a very friendly country. The climate in the evening is just perfect. We had this amazing house.

There were two houses available. The one we really wanted belonged to a close friend of President Magsaysay and he was the president of the Bank of the Philippines. He had his own house. He was living above the bank in a penthouse, a duplex penthouse, a beautiful place. Nobody had made the decision yet whether he was going to be the Minister of Finance. As long as he was the president of the bank, then he had the right to live in this penthouse. And his house then could be rented. But the minute he became the Minister of Finance, he could no longer use his penthouse apartment and then he had to go back into his house. President Magsaysay had other things to think about at that moment, so we were being delayed and delayed and delayed.



This other house had some real problems. It was just too funny for words in lots of ways. First, it was right near the market. However, you couldn't see the market and they had lots of trees and bushes and a row of houses between, but when the wind was in the right direction, my husband used to claim that he could smell the market. That was the real thing against it. The other was that when we saw it, it had no screens. It only had one bathroom also. So we delayed because our furniture hadn't come.

My husband said, "We really can't live in a house that doesn't have screens."

When we had our children settled in school, we still had many other things to learn and we used to go down to Caviti Naval Base. At every corner there was a tank swinging its guns. You slowly drove under the tank gun and continued until the next tank protected you. It was as if they were aiming at you. Just because my husband and I were not worried, our children were not worried. They just thought that was great. There was no such thing as "Star Wars" in those days, but they had their own "Star Wars" there.

When you got near the Naval Base, across from the PX, out on the street there were women who were selling things that were from the PX. We always wondered why our government tolerated this. The Filipino government was also tolerating it. The only way the goods were leaving the commissary or PX and going out on the street was because a lot of the sailors had Filipino wives or girlfriends and there they were, right there openly. The money was the special PX script and every once in a while we would change it because so many Filipinos had this money that it was illegal for them to have.

There's a place that's very interesting there. It's a beautiful lake with a high side where you can have tea or lunch with a view of the lake. In the lake there is an island with a volcano. In the volcano, there is a lake. So you have the repetition of land and water. It is a very beautiful spot.

Of course there's a lot of poverty in the Philippines, but at the same time, the people are such gentle people by and large. You never have any fear or anything like that. One time, for instance, the cook came and said, "There's a family at the door." We had this great big gate. It looked like the chateau of Versailles. Very pretentious and despite the plain chain-linked fence on each side.

Our cook said a family was at the gate, and I said, "What do you recommend?" She said, "Well, they're nice people and what they really want would be help because they're going down to the Visayan Islands which is all by ship and they have to take their food with them. They've been living day to day so that they don't have enough money to store up the food that they'd want to carry, so they would be hungry before they got down to their families. There were several children, so I gave her some money to give to them. They went off very pleased. Since we had the big house in the neighborhood, I felt a bit of noblesse oblige.



Months went by and one day the cook came back and she had an armful of crepe-paper flowers, great big peony type of things, in reds and all colors, and she said, "This is a thank-you from the family that you gave money to to go down to the Visayan Islands." That was the sort of thing that we met up with quite a lot.

But often we had to be careful, too, because I was the treasurer of Boys' Town. Every month there was a big appeal for something, and one of the times was Boys' Town. During the month, I couldn't believe that in those days we made \$90,000 in these various appeals, carnivals and all kinds of things. I was told to hand in the monies, several checks. I had been the one who had been collecting from the Diplomatic Corps among other things.

I was determined that it was going to be handed over in public so that it would be on television that this money was now in the hands of the mayor. You notice I had a little bit of feeling of lack of trust in him. I got all prepared to hand over this money and then he was not available. They said, "Oh well just hand it over to whoever will be there. Somebody else in the office." I said, "Why no, I'd be perfectly happy to reschedule it."

Well, we rescheduled it and again the correct one was not there. They then just wanted me to hand the money in and again I wasn't going to do it because they'd canceled the newspaper people. In the end I was able to finally have it so that there was at least one newspaper person there because I felt that it might just disappear into a hole and all this work would be for nought.

Q: Marguerite, was there another president after President Magsaysay was killed?

ANDERSON: He didn't die when we were there, so he was there the whole time we were there, yes.

Q: Was it a fairly quiet time politically?

ANDERSON: Well except for these Huks who were there. President Magsaysay had been the Minister of War before being President and there are some interesting books written about that period. Colonel Lansdale was there during the War and he taught Magsaysay when they were both colonels. Lansdale had a real understanding of the situation there.

Q: You mentioned a bamboo organ. Can you tell us something about that?

ANDERSON: When I first heard of the bamboo organ, I had no idea what to expect. So I had to ask questions and find out about it. It is a very old organ and in those days, I guess maybe the Spaniards were the ones who used what was available to make the pipes of the organ.



Now fresh bamboo is something that the termites and the bugs and wood worms just absolutely love and they seem to leave it alone once it's been cured. So what they would do is cut these bamboos of different thicknesses and bury them in the salt sand in the beaches. Twice a day the tide would come up and cover them with this salty water and then recede. So after a few months or maybe a year, it would have dried and cured and it certainly became unappetizing to the bugs. But once they were made and cut, with their holes just like we would make metal ones, it makes a very soft sound and I thought that that was a very interesting thing.

But that was just one of the many things that was so interesting in the Philippines. For instance, there's a town there that's near Manila where everybody works on the famous Philippine embroidery. A lot of the articles that come there as a business are in bond. They officially never come into the country. They make gloves and all kinds of things like that and underwear. They come in as American materials and they've been cut in the States and designed in the States and then they're embroidered here. After a while, when they're finished, they go back to the States and there is no duty to pay. Anyway the Philippine government and the United States, because of our close relationship over the years, have a very favorable arrangement for taxes.

We did get to go also to Subic Bay. It's so frightening to think what the volcano did to the Philippines because Clark Field was one of the largest bases that we had anywhere. When we used to go up to Clark Field, which was three hours from Manila, we would stop there for lunch and then go up to Baguio. Baguio is quite high and when you're in the tropics, it's simply wonderful to go up where there are pine trees and a lovely climate and you can play golf and enjoy nature without perspiring all the time.

It was three hours from Clark Field, so all in all it was six hours away. The Embassy told us that we were never to leave any one of the three places, Manila, Clark Field, or Baguio, after three in the afternoon because all year round it gets dark at 6 o'clock. The peaceful, lovely peasants that you see working with their water buffaloes planting rice in their fields, when it gets dark, come out with the rifles and turn into "Huks." So we were never to start out knowing that we could not get to our next place before dark.

The other thing that they told us is that if we were ever surrounded, we were to just ignore them and just drive even if we risked hitting somebody. They would get out of the way. We never had that problem. In fact, we did one time have a flat tire when we had our three young children with us all under nine. So we thought, "Oh goodness, a flat tire!" And all of these people surrounded us. So what we did was smile at them and they helped us change the tire and off we went. We gave the boys who did it a little bit of money and so it was a very friendly arrangement.



One of the amusing things about Clark Field is that they have a race of pygmies who live in the hills around there. They have a chief and he's short - a little bit taller than they are, but they're all very small.

They had a very good relationship with Clark Field. When the chief was ill or thought he was, or wanted a little bit of tender loving care, he would come surrounded by his henchmen with their spears and the gates of the base would open and they would all march in, and he would be put in a bed and his spearsmen would be at all four sides of him and protect him all the time that he was at Clark Field.

The Subic Naval Base, besides Caviti which I understand is still in existence, has been turned over. Subic was very interesting from lots of points of view. For one thing, our sailors were completely out in the boondocks and so a whole city of prostitutes grew up just by the gate. Naturally, now, one of the sad things about leaving the place - it has reverted back to the Philippine government - was the fact that a lot of those children there are half American. Of course it's the same situation we had in Vietnam and in Korea and not to be surprised at.

The "Huks" - correctly they're Huk Balahops, but Americans always called them "Huks". They went underground for quite a while. One of the reasons was that we had this very fascinating general. He was a colonel when he was there. He was a friend of President Magsaysay who also had been a colonel. They understood each other very well and were very good friends. This American one was in the psychological warfare part of the Pentagon. He has written a very interesting book about this time. He kept thinking up all kinds of ways of fighting the Communists. He loved the Philippines. In fact he eventually had a Philippine wife.

Q: What was his name?

ANDERSON: Colonel Lansdale. He was there while we were there. He really understood what made the people tick so that he could really give good advice. Now we had other people there who were working in the other direction. Not against us, but they were Americans who were helping the Filipinos in the government to deal with us so that their loyalties must have been split right down the middle because they were giving economic and political advice to the Filipinos and at the same time, the Filipinos were dealing with our government. So that was sort of an interesting sideline.

Mrs. Imelda Marcos was there. She was a very, very beautiful woman. She had been Miss Philippines not too long before that and she has always been very beautiful. In those days she was just a shy young woman. She didn't have any of the qualities that we wonder at now. I sat beside her at "Swan Lake" so I really felt that when I would see her later in New York, I had seen her when she was so tremendously beautiful.



Pause

Q: You were telling me about someone you knew of who is in Subic Bay.

ANDERSON: Yes, right. Well Subic Bay of course has been a very important Far East Naval Base for us and now it has reverted to the Philippine government. The port of Subic was where the ships in which the Japanese had taken our American prisoners back to Japan to work in the factories left during the War. Some of our submarines actually sank at least one of these Japanese cargo boats that was full of American soldiers. That was something that couldn't be helped because there was no way of knowing.

There was an American former soldier working for the U.S. Government in Manila married to a Filipina. He had been in the Army at the time of Corregidor and he was on one of these cargo boats taken back to Japan - one that was not torpedoed by his compatriots. He told about working in a factory in Japan and suddenly the prisoners saw planes go over and noticed a subtle difference in the attitude of their guards. Obviously they must have been in the path of our first planes going in.

Q: Jimmy Doolittle?

ANDERSON: Well it could have been because it would be pretty miraculous if they'd been exactly underneath one plane - the Enola Gay. But of course by then other planes were going in. In their particular area, they jumped the guards and got the keys. His memory of the first day is getting the rice out of the storage place and they all ate to their fill. Then they put signs out so that they would be recognized because they were so far from Tokyo. This man had decided to live in the Philippines for the rest of his life.

Actually we loved it. It was a wonderful time to be there. My daughter and I did get typhoid, despite our State Department typhoid shots. It turns out that some of the shots have a lot of things in them and there's more than one kind of typhoid. Para-typhoid, A, B, who knows how many. But anyway, we got one of them.



One of the interesting things was that the Air Force sent a man to test our water to see what the source of our infection could be since only two out of five of us had it and all of us had had our shots at the same time. I expected him to take a little water out of our tap and put it under a magnifying glass and see if he could see any E Coli germs or whatever. But it wasn't like that. He had a little wooden tray that had little glass bottles and they all had different colors from pure water all the way through to amber. There was an empty one. He had a bottle of a reactor to mix with our water. He shook it up and waited a minute or so, matched it up to the color of the other bottles. Then, since it ended up white, he said, "Well, you don't have any chlorine, therefore you have the germs." It wasn't what I had expected, but since the piping was so old, it was not too surprising. You'd have to put in an awful lot of chlorine I think to have it show up. Sometimes in some places we added our own, but they had said that the water was safe.

We both came through without too much problem except of course our hair did fall out. I went to a party a few weeks later. This had happened on Monday morning when I had been playing golf. We played golf from about 7:30 in the morning. Schools of course in the tropics start early, too. By noontime, I had a raging fever. I put myself into the hospital because I just knew there was something wrong with me, but I just didn't know what it was.

A few weeks later, I went to a party and I really didn't have much hair and the hairdresser had said that she couldn't do anything for me, just straighten out the long and the short and make it all short. So one Foreign Service wife said, "You know, it's rather chic." Except that every French butcher knows that the leg of lamb is better for some parsley around it. And I was out of parsley. (laughter) (Pause)

Q: Well Marguerite, from there you went to Washington.

ANDERSON: Yes. We had been expecting to go for several years because we had never had a post in Washington. By then we were maybe sixteen or seventeen years out of the country. Our children had been with Americans but they really didn't know very much about the United States. We came to Washington. And there, of course, a lot of my efforts were around my children naturally. When I was asked by Mrs. Newbegin to start a teenage party for Christmas, I accepted. It was a splinter of what had existed before, which was for college-age students. Pause

The teenage party was supposed to be for ages thirteen to nineteen and of course all of the 13-year old girls wanted to go and it was very hard to get any of the boys to come, although when they did arrive, why they seemed to have a good time. Because they all started very stiff. I put the punch at one end of the room and the food at the other end so that if they wanted a balanced meal, they would have to go back and forth. So that was helpful and probably something that I might have learned in the Foreign Service.



The parties grew tremendously. I can't tell you how many mothers wanted to include their 12-year old girls. One woman had two sons, a 13-year old and an 11-year old who had their own dinner jackets and she was determined that the 11-year old would be included. I was not in this to make enemies, so said I would make a file card for him. But she insisted and if he went, I'm sure that the 16-year old girls were not thrilled, but we needed lots of boys, so that was all right.

Actually one woman called and expected me to go through the file and pick out some who had been in England with them when they had served there, which I had to tell her was absolutely impossible because I didn't know what all their previous posts had been so that I couldn't really select them, and secondly, this was meant to be something to mix up and to have them make new friends and to have them find their own old friends if they found some, but it was not meant to have some go to a fancy dinner party where the hostess selected from our list. That didn't seem like a very fair way to do it.

The one boy who stuck in my mind was the one who had a little white mouse in his pocket and all the girls around were squealing and they wanted to pet the mouse but they also wanted to sound feminine and squeal the loudest. But eventually the parties grew to have at least 250 people and now they are at Meridian House and so we still have them. It was a wonderful idea.

Q: That was a very important service that you rendered.

ANDERSON: Yes, right.

(Pause)

Q: So from Washington you went to your last post which was Brazil.

ANDERSON: Yes, and of course since we'd been there before, there weren't too many surprises and we certainly solved some of the things that had been difficult for us, such as the lack of water which continued. But we were careful to have an apartment since our three children by now were in prep school and college in the States. What was so interesting was to meet the interesting people who, if it hadn't been for the Foreign Service, we never would have known.

For instance, not too many people realize that Jim Jones, the infamous Jim Jones, lived in Rio for a while. He and his wife and their many children, all of them adopted except one, had left the United States when they became embittered ...

Q: What were they in? What was their association? Oh, you're going to ...



ANDERSON: Yes. They'd left the United States because they were bitter. At that time he was quite a normal person - unlike later on in Guyana when the 900 or so people all were given poison and Congressman Ryan, I believe his name was, was murdered. Well there was none of this at the time that I knew him.

What had made him bitter was the fact that he had adopted two little Korean girls. One of them was killed by a car or a truck and he had gone to several funeral homes that had not wanted to take care of her because she was Korean. This was of course in a Middle West town that had many prejudices. He had adopted these children one after another and there were two Koreans and one black and his wife had taken the child to the pediatrician. A woman in the waiting room had spat on her, thinking that this was her child and not realizing it was adopted.

They had seven children. Eventually they had had their seventh which was their own. With all of these bitternesses adding up in his mind, he looked around for a place where he could take his multi-national family and Brazil seemed ideal because they have no statistics on race at all. It sounds ideal and it is not quite like that in real life.

He went into the interior up to the big city of Belo Horizonte. But he found that an American could not get a job. Most of the countries have the work card and the problems of immigration and they just don't allow it.

He went back to Rio with his family. He seemed to have some money to live on. He decided to apply to teach at the American School. Actually both he and his wife were qualified teachers. Before the first day of school, in the teachers' lounge, one of the older experienced teachers had come, sat beside him and said, "Young man, tell me something about yourself." Since he knew the subject would come up sooner or later, (she had said "Are you married? Do you have children?") he pulled out his passport and showed his seven children and there were the orientals and the blacks and the whites and one of them an American Indian.

Something clicked in her mind and his contract was never put through. He was paid for the semester, but he was not allowed to teach. He was good-looking. He was only in his late twenties, twenty-nine or so at the time, and so he was being paid and at the same time he had no job.

There was a school up in the slums. The land and the actual building up there belonged to the Dominican monks and the nuns ran it. But an American woman whose husband was the head of Braniff became very famous down there for the amount of dedication that she gave to this school. She would go and strong arm Sears Roebuck and get fabric for uniforms for them, and she would go to the Singer Company and say, "We need a sewing machine, and if you can spare two, that would be good." And the Braniff Company would lend a driver and a truck to go and pick up these things.



She was able to get something that we don't use in this country. It's called "Food for the Millions" and it is made of these little tiny fish that are ground up and deodorized, I guess, and made into a protein powder that you just put a very small amount of into a big stew and it will do marvels for these children who have not had proper food for many years.

She had support from the American community and the American Embassy had not done too much, but on an individual basis, we all belonged to the American Women's Club and the American Association. So we had these large bridge teas or fashion shows or different fund raisers and some of our money went for this school up in the hills. It had no road to get there. When it rained, it was hard to slide up and very easy to slide down. It had no walls around it. It was really a roof, actually. The children ate at the table standing up which I guess was rather common there. But of course it wasn't cold.

They taught the children things that you wouldn't think would be necessary, like going to the bathroom in the bathroom and not in the corner of the school room and that sort of thing. And they all looked neat and nice and clean and this American woman had been able to get somebody to donate a washing machine and the nuns kept these uniforms clean.

The Ambassador's wife was against the idea of this woman being a one-person miracle. She felt that it was not professional to have it run the way it was because if something happened to this marvelous woman, then it could go and disappear. So she wanted a board. In other words, it was bureaucracy coming into the picture. The American woman did not relish that. Hers was not exactly an ego trip, but it was sort of a mission that she had taken on with her church and her priest. She didn't feel that the Embassy really had anything to say about it.

They went over a group of names and one would turn down one and the other would turn down the next, until they landed on my name and I seemed to be acceptable to both of them. And so I became the treasurer. That was my first experience being treasurer and I have been careful to do it as few times as possible afterwards.

But anyway, there wasn't really that much to do. The students didn't pay anything so there was not that much coming in. I had very little to do, but I went there and that was my function, to see that everything was going correctly. Jim Jones, who was being paid by the American School, but not being allowed to teach, was a volunteer at the same time so we would have lunch together and have a chance to talk, so that's how I learned quite a bit about his background.

Later on he disappeared. I never saw him after the semester was over. He went back to the States, and as everybody knows, he got onto drugs himself and his mission eventually was to find a place that would be supported by all these people's Medicare and Social Security checks which they didn't receive and that he was using for the "greater good."



And of course later on, when so many of the relatives of the people who went down to Guyana complained that their parents or grandparents had been brainwashed, the group that went down with this Congressman were obviously at that time at the end of the rope. The daughter who had been the first one to be adopted was the oldest one, and had become a nurse, registered or otherwise. It was she who gave everybody, man, woman and child, the poisoned drink that looked like Kool-Aid and all 900 of them just lay down and died. I was fascinated when I read in "Time Magazine" what had finally ended up about him and recognized his picture and his story as being somebody I had known.

There was another interesting man that we knew down there and he was half Brazilian and half Dutch. He became a friend of Prince Bernhard and they both were very much interested in nature and in preserving nature because we have had in this country big national preserves for many years, but Brazil has made charcoal out of a lot of its wood and it's been a very difficult thing to interest people in land for the future.

He has started out by becoming very much interested in birds. He has recorded bird sounds of all kinds and the myths about some of them. There's a radio station in Sao Paulo with the call sound of a particular bird thought to be mythical. Of course he doesn't say it's a myth and I'm not sure it is either, but the belief is that it only sings once during the month of the full moon.

The feathers from that bird have a most miraculous effect on men. It's a very male chauvinistic country. If you have one of these feathers, if a man has it, it makes him able to conquer any woman he wants, and if a woman has it, then it gives her a faithful husband.

This man on the road down to Sao Paulo from Rio and he was going too fast and was stopped by the police. He showed his driver's license and the two policemen immediately tumbled to the fact that they had the famous Douglas Frisch who had the feathers of the Verapuree bird. They knew better than to ask for a feather because after all, there's a great class distinction and a policeman couldn't possibly have the nerve to ask for a feather. But what he did ask is to have the feather put down under his chin because he thought that he might not have all the girls landing on their knees before him, but it would at least give him a good selection. So this was a policeman.

This is just one of the things that this amazing man did. One of them was that he went to Scotland and he water skied in a kilt behind a plane out on the ocean which as you can imagine was pretty cold. The other thing that he did was to record the sound of ants. Brazil has a real problem with anthills. They're at least three feet high and the ants can be pretty mean. They're fire ants and they are a tropical ant.



One Brazilian man many years ago in 1880 or so said, "If Brazil does not finish off the Saura Ant, the Saura Ant will finish off Brazil." Well actually its been a draw, because neither side has won. So he put his recorder and special equipment - he's an engineer - inside this big anthill and I have the record and it's so interesting to first hear just a little bit of sound and then, suddenly, when they realize that there's somebody inside their nest, then they attack it and it gets very, very noisy. Of course it's amplified and nobody really wants to get too, too close, so it's all done with wires.

After having these great successes with the sound of the birds and the ants, he decided that he also would like to record the sound of fish. So he made an appointment with the Minister of War. The Minister said, "What may I do for you?" He answered, I would like a plane and a crew to take me up to the Amazon River to a part that is actually a military preserve and I really couldn't quite do it by myself."

The Minister of War could not believe his ears and said, "And what are you going to do up there? Well I am going to record the sound that fish make in the water." The Minister of War made short shrift of him and sent him away.

That would have been the end of the recording of the fish if it hadn't been for the fact that the Minister of War went home and told his wife about this crazy individual who had made an appointment to ask for a military plane and a military crew to go up and to get permission to go to a forbidden area up at the Amazon to record the fish. "Of course you let him do it", she said, because he must be the Urapuru man." And so he said, "Well yes, actually, I think it's something like that." So she said, "Go back to the office and you re-make the appointment and you give him what he needs to work with."

The Minister of War ended up being part of the crew that went up there to see what was going on. When they first put the equipment in the water, they had little success because they had to learn how to do it. First they put the cameras too close to the chum, the bait that they had to attract the fish. The recorder would be taken away by the fish because they would just go off with it, so little by little the sound would disappear and they would have to dive down to get the equipment back. Then they would do it again, this time putting the bait maybe a couple of yards away, and putting the lights in a different position, until finally it came together. I have the record of the sound of fish and it is so interesting, his man of course used to come up to New York as our guest and gave me the records.



Another interesting man that I met while we were down in Rio was because of what I had been doing with the teenage parties in Washington. The Ambassador's wife had decided to have something that was quite American and also that would not be as sophisticated as the nightlife is in Rio for American kids. It was the reason that my daughter stayed in prep school in the States instead of going to the American school. They had these all-night parties on the beach with chauffeurs taking the kids around. It was just a little bit too sophisticated and so she wanted to have the younger ones like 13, 14, 15, have suppers and then simply dance at the Residence. We needed an orchestra.

Actually the planning meeting had been interesting because she had sent out an invitation to several of these American business people's wives and also some of her Brazilian friends and had invited them for coffee at 9:30. The Brazilian ladies didn't show up for the morning coffee, but they did come at 9:30 that night wondering why, if they were suitable for dinner, why they were held off until coffee only. Because as she used to say, "I understand why we sometimes don't see eye to eye. And that's because we're on different feeding schedules." These Brazilian women had never thought to get up in the morning until at least 11 o'clock and were not going to morning coffees at 9:30. So they naturally showed up at night!

We had lunch with the man who was going to be our orchestra leader. I was very much interested in his name because it was Booker T. Pitman, pronounced "Peetman", and I think he was Booker T. Washington's grandson or grand nephew. There was a time after the Civil War when many boatloads of American Southerners went down to live in Brazil. There is a town near Sao Paulo that is called Villa Americana. The Americans who went down there started lumber businesses and all kinds of ventures. Some of them were very successful and others were completely unsuccessful, some got homesick and went home. But even today they have occasional meetings there must be somebody who is holding this group together who go down there. They put flowers at the cemetery where a lot of these Americans are. A lot of them married Brazilians, and of course they are completely Brazilian today.

The American Embassy had two women from these families. One of them was named Ruth, pronounced "Hoochie." She spoke very good English, but naturally with a Brazilian accent.

Booker T. Pitman was from one of these Americans. A lot of them went down and took their whole family and all their servants. I guess some had been slaves before the War. It was interesting that they were still several generations later, giving this young man the name of his relative, Booker T. Washington.

Q: You'd mentioned something about the book, *The Ugly American*.



ANDERSON: Of course a lot of people think they know what it means. That it means that Americans abroad can do stupid things. But actually of course in the book, the hero is the "ugly American" and he's the one who does the wonderful things.

Q: He was ugly himself.

ANDERSON: He was physically ugly, yes. But nowadays, when we talk about the "ugly American", we really tend to mean that we are doing foolish things. Well, actually, I would like to give you a couple of examples of how the Russians have been "ugly Russians."

And one of them that was particularly interesting to us was what happened in Rio. The Russians decided to have a big exhibition and it came unfortunately at a time when our Embassy's budget for exhibitions was really short and so it really was a very unhappy time for the USIA or whatever the section of the Embassy was that put on exhibitions. The main part of the Russian exhibition was an icebreaker imported from Russia which people looked at and wondered what it meant. Since they had no ice, the Brazilians did not relate to it. And the other part was that they had the loudest and noisiest weaving machine that just kept going bang, bang, bang. It was deafening. So the whole exhibit was really a complete flop.

The Americans thought, "All right, so they didn't do a very good job and they didn't win the hearts and minds of the Brazilians with this exhibition. They wanted to do something that would be better. But money was very scarce.

So a very happy incident happened and that was that from the States there was a large shipment of hatching eggs that was going down to a chicken farm outside of Rio. They set up a very large cage that was glass on four sides. It was lighted and heated and had a little ramp coming down inside. Each egg - I don't know how they timed them so perfectly but as they started rolling down, as they got to the bottom of the ramp, the little chick would peck itself out of the shell and then they went along and a little rubber paddle pushed the head of the chick down into the water which is simulating what the mother hen has to do to teach the little chicks to drink water. After a little while, there would be forty or fifty of these little chicks, and eventually it was just full. They had hundreds of these chicks and it went on for hours and all the children were glued to the lower level, the middle sized ones in the middle and the tall ones in the back. And you couldn't get the Brazilians to leave the exhibit. It was a terrific success and of course it was very cheap and very, very successful. So that was what I meant by saying that the Russians sometimes at least were less than successful.



Another time their ambassador and DCM went swimming from some rocks outside of Rio and there was a red flag for danger. Nobody else was in swimming, but there were three of them. The two older ones, the ambassador and the DCM drowned. The younger one was barely able to save himself. He went rushing back to the Embassy. They were going to send the bodies back to Russia by air.

In Brazil the hearses are very elaborate. They have shiny black paint with crosses picked out in gold and all kinds of ornamentation in gold. When the Russian Embassy saw the crosses, they said, "No, no, we cannot use this hearse." They went on like that. Finally somebody came up with the idea of, covering the crosses with flowers. Brazilians have a very good sense of humor, but they themselves also consider themselves religious. Ostensibly they're Catholic. More of the women go to church, but every man feels that he at least is born and dies close to the church. They were highly offended when the whole idea of the crosses turned out to be something really offensive to the Russians. That was another instance where the Russians could have been a little more sensitive to the local conditions.

We had had something that was in the same idea, but in the opposite way, when President Roosevelt died. One man told us. "Oh how terrible! My condolences because he was a great Democrat and now the anti-Democrats will be in." We told him, no, that the opposite of a Democrat is not an anti-Democrat. It's Republican. And two, the vice president, in our case, is always of the same party as the President, so just because President Roosevelt died, their great friend who started the Alliance for Progress, the next one would also be a friend. So at least we were able to explain our system because their vice president is from the other party which creates problems for them, naturally.

Q: Marguerite, could you go back to just a few points about countries that you've talked about. For example in Uruguay when you were telling about your effects that were coming.

ANDERSON: Oh yes, right. All our furniture and wedding presents and everything were put on a cargo ship and we flew down. I don't remember if I already mentioned ... I know I mentioned Panama going down and so I don't want to duplicate.

Q: You did mention the Florida coast.

ANDERSON: Yes, so when we moved in, and I'm sure I mentioned the money of Brazil that was gone and the Simmons mattresses that they'd lost. It was a really very hard time for us because we lost the car. Nobody was getting cars.

Q: The car was on the ship when the ship went down?



ANDERSON: Yes. it was torpedoed.

Q: So all your effects ...

ANDERSON: Yes. All our wedding presents and everything. Some people said, "Well, at least you were young and you can start over again." Well they felt that way because it's really logical, but in our case, my mother-in-law was a very unusual woman and she used to buy three of one thing and she would put the name of her three sons on it and then she would put one of them on the piano and say, "We are using Bob's," or "We are using Stewart's." and so forth. But she never forgot the fact that she'd bought three so the first thing I did after I was married and after our honeymoon and went there was to be taken up to the attic where all of these neat little piles were. "These are your things and these are some of Norman's," who wasn't married yet, and so on. So we really had treasures. And so it was a terrible thing. But we were not the only ones, and as we used to say, "And nobody was hurt and nobody died," so we had to take it that way.

Q: And you mentioned one particular purse?

ANDERSON: Oh yes. And it just so happened that my husband's aunt who was now 84 at Christmas had given me her greatest treasure which was an evening purse. The metal part at the top was white gold and it was set in pink and blue sapphires. I had never seen one quite like that but, I have in an antique store seen something quite beautiful, but this one was exceptional. I never got to use it because we left on the plane soon after that. That was one of the things that I tried not to think about.

Q: It went down on the ship. And speaking of jewels, you mentioned that the emeralds and the gold of Colombia were special.

ANDERSON: Oh yes. Colombia has the best emeralds in the world and there are two places where they have them. One kind is what you usually see and they're green all right, but they're just a medium green. But the Muzo ones, they say that one life is lost for every good emerald that is ever marketed because they're worth so much that every man who works the mine tries to hang on to what he finds and there are many fatal fights. The mine is not in the ground.

We have made trips. Women are never allowed in mines and priests also because the skirts bring bad luck. Brazil has the second deepest gold mine in the world and we had the most interesting trip there staying in the guest house of the gold mine.



Q: Now are we talking about Brazil?

ANDERSON: It's Brazil that has the gold. But Colombia also has a lot of gold, but the emerald mine is the face of a mountain and so they blast a little bit and then men stand in front of the face and pick out what they think is going to turn into an emerald when it is cut. Because they're into the stone and dirt you take a chance. They pick up what they can and then they have to be searched every single day when they leave there. That's how there is so much killing about the emeralds.

Q: Why is that?

ANDERSON: Because they try to steal and it's dangerous, dangerous to have them. So if someone doesn't get any for some time and the other is having too much luck, well then jealousies build up, naturally.

But the Gold Museum is part of the Bank of Colombia and when we left, my husband had to call on various people who were in the Foreign office and those he'd been dealing with to say, "Good-bye," and leave his cards. I don't know whether they do that much anymore, but we used to have to learn the language of cards. PR for 'pour remercier' to thank and PPC, 'pour frendre conge' to say goodbye, and 'pour condoles' and all the different ways of doing it.

So he was going around to the different places and so the president of the Bank of Colombia reached into a bucket that was full of gold fish hooks. They looked just like modern ones. They had the little loop at one end and a barb and nobody makes them out of gold anymore. These were from before the Spaniards came and showed their strong greed for gold because before that time, gold had no more value for the Indians than iron would have if it served the purpose. So they used gold, which was quite abundant, for all kinds of things.

The museum uses a background of aqua blue velveteen and the gold is very artistically placed so sometimes there will be four or five or six of one kind of thing in a pattern on the wall. It has medical tools that the Indians used that were made out of solid gold and all kinds of masks and different things.

The minute my husband got home and showed me the gold fish hook, my first thought was for the children and for the barb on it which looked really quite mean. And so we hid it and you know, when we left, we never were able to find it again, so that's something that's probably still in the house someplace. But it was very disappointing because it wasn't beautiful, but it was interesting to us.



Q: That's fascinating. What I was going to ask you. I know you're disappointed. You mentioned something about some outstanding dinners.

ANDERSON: Oh yes. At the time, when you have these outstanding dinners, the ones you remember are often apt to be the tragedies. But in this particular case, in Colombia, there was a really memorable one. The electric current in Bogota - they may have changed it now - but in our time it was not 110, it was not 220, but it was 150 because it was a company from Milano that had started wiring the city. So back then we would have had to buy an Italian vacuum cleaner and electric appliances, so everybody there would pass on from one generation to another of Americans. We had these huge transformers. We'd transform our whole house. When we had a dinner party and had our lights on, why then naturally that was the time when our lights blew. The State Department guest was a Monsignor McClaferty and he was going around South America as a guest of the State Department. Because he was interested in social service, my husband had invited to this dinner party in his honor some of the well-known in the field of social service. Some of them were women and Colombian women do not drink alcohol. But they like sweet things and they might take a liqueur. So my husband made pitcher after pitcher of grasshoppers. As you know, they have creme de menthe and cream.

We had no fresh cream. Real cream was sterilized cream in little jars called Avocet. And we bought it by the case. So every once in a while, he would say, "More cream, more cream," and then he'd make another pitcher. Well that was what saved the dinner in the end because when the lights went out, our cook had two big pots of hot oil on the coal stove. It was one of those with rings within rings. It also heated the hot water in the house, so it was a great big stove, and she reached in the dark to remove the oil in case of fire and she french-fried her fingers. The maid came in and told me what had happened and I felt very sorry for her, but I also felt very sorry for the dinner party, too. I told the Monsignor what happened and asked if he would be so kind as to go out and bless her fingers? And so bless her. And she was in such a state of euphoria at having a genuine monsignor in her kitchen that she forgot all about her fingers. And on with the dinner.

Well the maid had taken out the dessert which was passion fruit that was in a large mold and she had sat it down and sort of forgotten about it so that it melted around the bottom. She was so nervous that when dessert time came, she spilled some of this melted ice cream all over the black robe of the monsignor. He was a real gentleman about it and the fact that everybody had had the grasshoppers beforehand sort of took some of the sting out of that. I tripped in the dark and I had some of my best best after-dinner cups and saucers and I broke just about all but a couple of saucers. A whole set of them because somebody moved in the dark. That was one really memorable dinner.



And then one in Uruguay that I still remembered years later was the one when we had been torpedoed and it had been so difficult to get furniture. For instance, to have a rug made, they used the local sheep wool and made lovely rugs, but four months went by and nothing was happening to this 9 x 12 rug we ordered. Finally, they said, "Would you like to come and see it?" When we went there less than a yard had been done, maybe 30 inches. So I said, "Oh it looks wonderful!" You know that in about three weeks they finished the whole thing. They were lacking in self-confidence. Once we showed them our appreciation, they just set right to. Everything we got was such a slow thing.

Two chairs that we finally bought I had seen in a window walking by. I went in because it was so difficult to find anything that we would want to take out of the country. Some men were sitting around a table, and I said in my poor Spanish, "How much are the chairs in the window?" And they looked at each other and only afterwards did I realize that they didn't want to sell them.

They turned out to be German spies and of course what I'd liked about the chairs is that they were European chairs and they had the whole set there complete with the wings and the Empire details. So I felt very lucky that I ended up with those chairs. They recognized by my accent, I'm sure, that I was American and they didn't want to call attention to themselves, but they were arrested not very long after that.

We had a problem also when the Ambassador said that he would like to come to dinner. He always liked to go to every new officer's house. He didn't tell us that at the time, but it became very obvious that he and his wife always wanted to get to know us a little better. We went into dinner and when we returned to the living room the window valance had come loose because I had been in the process of getting the curtains up and I'd had thumbtacks in my hand and I'd been up on a ladder just about before the doorbell rang. During the whole coffee time, we had to watch this fabric hanging there in front of us. It rattled a lot of the people there and of course my husband and me because we wondered what the Ambassador would think.

He was known for wearing little bowties. He said that he much preferred ten dollar ties. Well, my husband had never had a \$10 tie in those days. Now they're common, but in those days they didn't exist. And so he said, "Oh yes," and he elaborated on it. He would much prefer to have a \$10 tie than ten one dollar ties. Everybody there, except my husband, realized that what the Ambassador meant was that he much preferred ten \$1.00 ties. And so it sort of cast a pall on it. But the Ambassador and his wife were so wonderful that they never seemed to hold it against us. They realized that I was only about twenty-two years old, and so they forgave us.

Q: That was memorable, too. The first dinner.

ANDERSON: Well that about ...



Q: Was there a third?

ANDERSON: Well the other one was when I was cooking ducks and caught them on fire. So I called my husband and he came out. We had a fire extinguisher and he got trigger happy and the salad and the bread and everything got covered with a green paste. The floor was so slippery that you just couldn't walk at all, so we all had to go out to dinner. But in the Foreign Service we all took those things in stride.

After my husband retired the State Department recommended him to Governor Rockefeller. They wanted someone with languages and ability to talk to and be comfortable with people of all countries. So he was one that the State Department suggested. We went to live in New York for fourteen years.

It was a protocol function and people used to ask my husband, "What do you do?" And he would say, "Well, everybody wants Governor Rockefeller to open their bank and to go to a dinner or to do all of these things. He picks and chooses and does what he wants to and can, and then I do the others." It was so varied, it was different from day to day and we had some fantastic experiences there.

One time, for instance, there was a party at the Waldorf for the president of Liberia and his wife. The old ones who died.

Q: Tubman was his name? No, it was the old ones.

ANDERSON: Well anyway, they were treated like royalty at the Waldorf Astoria. In the part where the cocktails were served, there were two high backed chairs like throne chairs. The two old people sat there. When it was time to go into the dining room, they had all of us who were on the podium put in order so that when we would go in, the one at the farthest end would be the lowest ranking one and then it would go up to the middle ones and then down again, and then of course I was down at the last end pretty much.

It was an unbelievable dinner in every respect. It had caviar with blinis. The dessert was souffles that were stuck with sparklers and they turned out the lights and about fifty waiters filed in in the dark with their sparklers all lighted coming around the room to serve this souffle with the fresh strawberries. First they used the famous Vermeil silverware at this particular dinner. In other words, this was very special. They had little pads of paper and tiny little pencils at each person's place so that you could write down your favorite after dinner drink, whether you wanted coffee or de-caf. They got everything right.



On the program they had Carol Lawrence, and Robert Merrill who were playing in New York in "The Four Poster" and we had them as the entertainment. They also had Samoan dancers who were dancing on broken glass and playing with lighted wooden torches and throwing them about with curtains around and everything. I have never been to anything more elaborate than that, even at anytime in the Foreign Service.

Q: Did your husband continue in that for some time?

ANDERSON: Fourteen years. Governor Rockefeller wanted to give his lieutenant governor, who was his great friend, more visibility and so he resigned a year in advance to do that. However, it didn't work for Malcolm Wilson because nobody in New York could have followed Rockefeller. He had charisma. I have in my life met up with only two people who actually had charisma right in front of me, whereas I understand President Kennedy also had it. But Rockefeller was one and President Magsaysay was the other one. When you shook their hands, you actually felt like an electric current. It's the only two times in my life that I have felt that way.

It was a wonderful thing being connected with the UN and USUN It was always very interesting. We had to go to all of the national days and since nowadays there are 168 countries, we must have missed some. There weren't that many, but there are, after all, only 365 days in a year.

Q: Excuse me. What was Mr. Rockefeller's position at this time?

ANDERSON: He was Governor. So my husband was called Special Assistant to the Governor. And we used to go out to Pocantico Hills. That is a very incredible place. John D., Jr., who of course died a long time ago, was the one who started the big house. The guest house, the play house, had an indoor and an outdoor swimming pool. They had a basketball court in the house and all kinds of things. The art gallery was in a grotto. There was a time when everybody who was anybody had to have an artificial grotto. And so they now use it for the art.

It has a reversible nine-hole golf course. You play your nine holes, and when you're coming back, you don't go over the same path exactly. The reversible part is that you still get a different lay of the land coming back, so you do 18 holes.

The little church in the little village of Pocantico Hills has Chagall windows and is really very lovely. There's a Japanese house on the estate because they were all very much interested in Japanese architecture, and they had people come from Japan to do it. Actually Rockefeller was governor four times which made sixteen years, but he'd already been governor two years when we arrived.



One thing that's sort of amusing to think back on is when we were in California with some other relatives, a California State police car came to my parents' door and the neighbors across the street wondered what had happened, and what my parents were up to. Mother invited the two police officers in and said that my father wasn't there at the time, so they sat down and they looked around. It got a little bit stuffy waiting for my father who didn't show up.

It just happened that my mother had a book made up of the pictures from one daughter's debut here in Washington. The book showed pictures of my husband also in there, so she let them go through it waiting for my father. Finally they looked at each other and said, "Maybe we've seen enough." It turns out that the police of New York had gotten in touch with the police of Los Angeles to go and check him out and so on, and the pictures had been a sufficiency.

My husband was asked to go to New York, and he hadn't been applying for this. It was something that the State Department had come up with. So we went and bought him some white shirts because in California, of course, you didn't really need New York clothing. When he was in New York they interviewed him and then they asked him to go and spin his wheels for one week while they interviewed other people, but not to go away because they thought maybe that he might be the one. Later, he called me and said, "All right, come along. We'll start looking for an apartment." And it was a very exciting time.

Some of the things that he did were like opening a bank and giving the best wishes of the governor and so on. Going to all the national days I've already mentioned. Giving a birthday speech at the Statue of Liberty. Renting a train to take the whole Diplomatic Corps to Albany - a train with a bar - naturally, for a luncheon at the mansion, because there are diplomats who live in New York, and others are from Washington. For some it would be the only time that they would get a chance to pay their respects to the Governor, and after all, the UN is in the State of New York.

The Governor had an office that was right near Fifth Avenue and it was his personal building, so that the State of New York did not have to rent any place for him. The security had to be very strong, and he never was in a building that did not have a back exit. One time some friends said, "Oh Rockefeller's going to be at the "Top of the Sixes" at this reception up there. Why don't you come along?" My husband said, "Well, we'll see." My husband knew that he was not going to go because the bank of elevators were all in the same lobby and there was no back set of elevators. He never went in where he couldn't get out.

There were demonstrators all the time in front of his building. Not because it was personal, but just because there are people who are professional demonstrators. I haven't heard other people say that, but I think that's what they do.

Q: Were they demonstrating against the Governor?



ANDERSON: Not personally. It was just that you never knew what they were wanting. To get into the building there was always someone there, but you had to use numbers the way you would on a security system in a house. You had to do this several times before you got in. Rockefeller went in and out most of the time in the back.

One of the things he did that was so interesting was always to ask the honored visitor what they would be interested in seeing, and so Prince Philip, when he came on an official visit, said he would like to go on the helicopter trip between Idlewild, or Kennedy, landing on the Pan Am Building on Park Avenue. Well they don't do that anymore because after the two of them did that with their pilot, they had a terrible accident when there was a period of great wind and the helicopter came apart and killed one man waiting to get on it and the blades went all the way over to Madison Avenue which is a long block, and right over the apartment buildings nearby and killed someone on the street and someone in an office where the blade followed down gently and then went in the window and killed a young woman.

Life wasn't always easy or good because, for instance, one of the things he had to do was to go at 4 o'clock in the morning to Kennedy Airport to meet Khrushchev and then to go into the Waldorf with him. The press had been told that his plane, an Aeroflot special one, was supposed to come in at around nine, but he came in around 4:30 instead. My husband had to get there.

But the lovely one was with Queen Fabiola of the Belgians. There were just three of us. One of them was Mrs. Mossbacher who was then Chief of Protocol at the State Department. I was the one from New York State and then there was someone from New York City, and the Queen. The four of us had lunch up in the Rainbow Room at the time when King Baudouin and my husband and Mossbacher and one or two other men went up to the Hudson Think Tank which he had expressed a wish to see. So that was very nice because the Queen is Spanish, but her English is perfect, and of course she speaks French perfectly, too, so those happened to be three of my languages, so it came in very handy.

Anyway, all in all, we always felt that we were very fortunate with our posts. Even some that were dangerous were not that dangerous at the time that we were there. We did have a few little incidents at the time. For instance my husband was in the Rio Embassy when there was a demonstration. This time I guess it was against the Americans and the tear gas got in the air conditioning ducts of the Embassy and the people in it had to evacuate.



We were also very lucky that our children didn't have the terrible problem of re-entry that you hear about. So many of the teenagers just don't feel that they fit in. But as I said earlier, since I'd had problems, it made me more understanding, instead of saying, as my mother might have said, "forget about that. just go on with your life." I could really help them in a way and they're all very well-adjusted and haven't had that many problems that I can tell. But of course when I say things like that, well then one or the other will say, "Now Mother, don't be smug." (laughs)

Q: Oh thank you so much Marguerite. That was just wonderful.

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## BIOGRAPHIC DATA

Spouse: Stewart G. Anderson

Spouse's Position:

Third, Second and First Secretary

International Organizations

Second career as Special Assistant to Governor Rockefeller and two successors, for 14 years, New York City

Spouse Entered Service: 1940 Left Service: 1964/65 You Entered Service: Same

Status: Widow of Retiree

Place/Date of birth: Manitoba, Canada; 1918 (of American parents)

Maiden Name: Giraud

Parents:

Leo George Giraud, Head of International Harvester, France and North Africa

Elizabeth Irene Chambers

Schools (Prep, University):



French schools

British boys' school (Château de Bures, 1 year)

Dana Hall; Pine Manor College; Wellesley (1 year)

K. Gibbs, New York

Profession: Full time Foreign Service wife and mother

Date/Place of Marriage: June 1940; San Francisco - St. Peter's by the Golden Gate

Children:

Stewart G. Jr.; Montevideo 1942

Susan; Montevideo 1943

Marilyn; Montevideo 1945

In Washington, DC Usual volunteer jobs during World War II - USO, Red Cross, etc. Board member of AAFSW when it was Association of American Foreign Service Wives (not Women); Initiated the FS teen Christmas parties (with dinners); served as AAFSW Bookfair volunteer for eight years to date; decorated Strathmore Hall, Rockville, and nursing homes for Christmas; planted bulbs and azaleas in public areas in Montgomery County; served on Altar Guild; served five years as member of PTA; Also my husband and I were perpetual students: He - atomic energy, philosophy, Portuguese, Spanish, German, symphony, do-it-yourself electricity for home. I - Ikebana and American flower arranging; Portuguese; Spanish; Chinese cooking; law for women, etc.

End of interview